



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

hours of hard effort and grave anxiety. In the second instance a woman who had passed through convulsions and forced abortion, whose symptoms had disappeared and whose natural action of mind and kidneys had been restored, *relapsed the next day* and died in spite of every effort. In each case it was not merely the nurses who were taken by surprise, but also the doctor, a man of wide experience and highest authority.

NOTE.—These cases both occurred in the practice of Dr. Whitridge Williams in Baltimore, but since the publication of his "Obstetrics," 1903. There were two nurses with each patient. In the chapter on eclampsia of Dr. Williams's "Obstetrics" can be found much information bearing on postpartum seizures such as the first case quoted in my paper. I am indebted to personal conversations with him for the rules above laid down as to, (1) the later immunity of eclamptic women, and (2) the prognosis after the mind and kidneys have cleared up.

---

## THE BURGLAR

BY ISABEL McISAAC

WHEN women undertake to live in remote or lonely places, an important point to be considered is their means and ability for defending themselves in case of burglars, tramps, or worse attacks. Euphemia has always been fearless and ready to defend herself under all circumstances, and while I have never been a look-under-the-bed-at-night sort of a person I haven't exactly hankered for a chance to encounter vicious intruders either by night or day.

Our neighbors assured us that we had nothing worse to fear than sneak thieves, who might swipe (that is the only word to express it) a few apples or other fruit, unless it might be chicken thieves who were not unknown, and might be ugly if cornered, but house burglary was almost unknown in the country.

When one goes to California from Chicago—the windy city—they assure you that the high lake winds of Chicago are unknown in Pasadena, and when one goes to Santa Monica the next day one loses her hat from the open car and is delayed by a car which has been *blown off the track*. They also tell you that they do not have thunderstorms, and the next week the flag staff on one's hotel is struck by lightning, and I have heard of places which bore the reputation of not having mosquitoes, where many persons suffered from malaria. So when we were told not to be afraid of burglars, we were not timid nor worried but looked after our locks and latches, had two dogs, and a revolver on the corner of the bureau in Euphemia's bedroom, and also had the telephone put into

her room so that no one could come between her and the chance to call upon the neighbors for help, and then we forgot to lock the doors, and slept soundly.

We hadn't been on the farm six months when a farmer's wife near us was tending a little shop they had at a cross-roads while her husband was away. A neighboring farmer was in the place when a strange man entered, pointed a revolver at the woman and demanded her money. The farmer fled but the woman did not lose her wits and took her husband's revolver out of the money drawer and fired at the rascal, which caused him to drop his revolver and run away, and then she found that his revolver was not loaded. This episode fired Euphemia with new courage and she declared her intention of shooting any intruder at once, without waiting to see whether it met with his approval.

Meanwhile we had added greatly to our flock of poultry and a wholesale raid upon our hen houses would mean a considerable loss, so we slept with an ear open for strange sounds from that source at night, although it is said that accomplished chicken thieves will carry away a whole flock without a squawk of protest from the hens.

Not long after the affair above mentioned we were startled in the middle of the night by a terrifying commotion in the hen house, and both of us flew out of bed, only waiting to put on our slippers. Euphemia took the revolver and told me to come with a lantern. Have you ever tried to light a lantern you didn't understand without your glasses when you were scared to death by revolver shots and didn't know whose revolver was being shot? The revolver reported three times before I got across the back yard, expecting to fall over Euphemia's dead body or be shot myself at every step, but I found her very much alive and saying that she shot to frighten them away. All this time a single hen's voice was shrieking as if in mortal terror, and when we peered in with the lantern not a burglar was to be seen, only this ridiculous hen sitting in the midst of forty others, still squawking at the top of her voice; and she kept it up until Euphemia shook her, when she blinked at the light and gave a little gasp, exactly like the patients with nightmare when the night nurse wakens them.

The whole thing was so ludicrous and the reaction so great after our fright, that we nearly followed the hen's example and had hysterics from laughing at the absurd picture made by two staid women in night garb and slippers wildly pursuing a crazy hen in the middle of the night.

Later our neighbors across the ravine called up anxiously to know if any one was hurt, proving that if anything serious really did happen we could make ourselves heard.

As in our training-school days we were not taught that hens had hysterics, we have not yet recovered from our astonishment, but neither have we ever been disturbed in any way. We sleep with every window and door wide open except in the coldest weather; the screen doors are hooked inside except when we forget it, and we confidently expect that the foolish hen was our first and last burglar.

---

### CHRISTMAS DAY IN THE GAP \*

By I. M. I.

For days previous I had baked cakes, icing and sprinkling them with most marvellous candy bought in Bat Cave's department (?) store, making stockings from mosquito net, and filling them with dolls, nuts, oranges, ribbon, candy, and toys,—all this for the nine little children in two cabins on the estate. My husband superintended the cutting down of a cedar, and on Christmas Eve we trimmed it with ornaments brought from home. It was six feet high. We moved it into the living room by our supper table, and when the candles were lit we felt really Christmasy. The Colonel, my husband and I enjoyed opening our gifts and reading our letters until midnight,—but I must get on to the tree, for, believe me, it was the first Christmas tree these children had seen.

The nine little ones were to come on Christmas morning at about eleven. The day was beautiful and sunny, so the tree was placed in the yard, and how strange it looked with its tinsel and trimmings, standing among giant oaks, thin poplars, and a huge fig tree. Suddenly, without a moment's warning, a hurricane, accompanied by heavy rain drops, upset our tree, scattering things round about with a vengeance. The excitement ran high for a while, but the tree was finally rescued and put in one corner of the porch.

I had hung on the lower branches Christmas cakes for the smaller children, three to six years of age, to take off themselves, and congratulated myself that all was in readiness when, looking out of the door, I saw the tree quiver and stealing quietly out, what do you think I saw? Five jet black cats, gravely nibbling the low-hung cakes. The sight was so unusual I laughed to myself and let them nibble for a time, but to-night five black cats are being swept along the course of the river, and I do hope they will not haunt me with their forty-five lives, for it was the Colonel who insisted they should be shot.

---

\* This Christmas sketch was written for an *alumnæ* association by its president, in exile for her health.